

# The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

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## TEACHERS AND THINGS.

Does the teacher have to confront a condition or a fact, we ask in a dramatic way in the words of a rising young novelist. This reminds us of the way they theorize in the training schools, shaping young persons to teach and filling them chock full of ideas and ideals. The novice who has been taught sees the smooth current of the stream down which he is to travel but not the rocks beneath the surface.

Nearly every one who has risen from among the people to assume prominence as a public man or a public deadbeat has taught. Nearly every child has a desire for teaching bred into him as he sits day after day under the control of his teacher, who is the monarch of all he surveys. A great many teachers get bravely over their desire to teach, but it hangs to some. It seems bred in the bone.

Professor D. L. Barlow, County Superintendent, from whose pen we published a typical article last week, is a good example of one confirmed in the habit of teaching. He lays awake at night planning how he can impart information by making a point plain.

In Pocahontas the school teacher receives an appalling amount of attention, and the people of the neighborhood watch him like hawks. This is very flattering when the teacher succeeds in pleasing those who exercise this surveillance, but as a rule it causes much irritation to the teacher and therefore interferes with his good work. When the country at large have their eyes upon the doings of Congress, and are grumbling and growling about high taxes and lavish appropriations, our average school patron is making the neighborhood too hot to hold the school teacher.

The first school that I taught was in a truly rural district, and I entered on the work with the feeling that I had reached the very acme of my ambition. The longer I taught the more I chafed under the conditions confronting those who indulged in teaching, and I did as the majority do—fled the scene, and let another take my place who goes to his work in a blissful state of ignorance.

Those who have never taught have no idea of the finesse required to teach a school.

My first school was what is known as a success. That is I taught to the last day of the term with an average attendance, but I had trouble. People talked about me. Some said I taught too many hours and others too few. I was too strict and too mild. They complained that I had never whipped anybody and that young ones needed to be whipped with the same regularity that cattle should be salted. I whipped a boy for a petty offence to quiet this rumor, and expected to be bushwhacked for weeks. I kept the school-room too hot; I kept it too cold. I let the children starve to death for water; I had the children carrying water half the time. One old compeller complained that I did not teach from six to six.

These are only a few of the many complaints that rose throughout the neighborhood on account of my mismanagement. I never dared to do or say anything without weighing the consequences and thinking how it would sound. One set would tell me what another set said, and I was overwhelmed and vexed with the cares of state.

One of the worst troubles I got into was caused by the introduction of calisthenics, which are "light gymnastics, suitable for and adapted to girls, designed to promote grace and health." The children took to them wonderfully well, and I would have my little gang of twenty or so fling their arms in unison, and it made an agreeable change in school work. But the little scamps soon saw a way to utilize the exercise. When their mother wanted a back-log out, why the teacher had put him through such violent exercise he was so stiff and sore that he could not get his coat off. And the girls were the same way.

Pretty soon there was a corn-shucking, and the brutal treatment by the teacher was discussed in all its phases. I was notified that I would have to stop abusing the children. I did not comply as I had found out the best plan to pursue was not to weaken. One evening a trustee came spying around, and when I put the team through their exercises he had to admit that it was about as heavy work as shaking hands.

After this it gradually dawned on the old folks that the young ones were a-doing of them, and the next plaint was naturally that I did not whip enough. I thought there might be some justice in this, myself; and shortly after one of the boys whose arms had suffered most from calisthenics gave me an opening, and nervously myself to do the desperate deed, I cut a twig and brushed him. I scared him very much and hurt him very little, and the school was tremendously impressed and the neighborhood pleased, but some complications arose with his immediate connections. The whipping evidently did him good, for he grew up and lately distinguished himself by licking a man fifty pounds heavier than he. We hope this is partly due to his early training.

The greatest forte a school-teacher can have is to make himself solid with the children. If the school interests them they will come, and if it bores them they will not, for the children rule the roost. Therefore the school-teacher should provide lots of Noah's Arks; Punch and Judy shows; unlimited supply of candy and lickerish; picture-books, and other things to make the school attractive and not like home. I offered a dollar on the first day of school for the pupil who attended the most days. The school was nearly out and there were two children, a boy and a girl about 8 years old, who had not missed a day. On the last Thursday the little boy was sick, and the little girl looked at him constantly, hoping he would be too sick to come next day. The next morning found him much worse, but he managed to reach the school-house and everybody gloried in his spunk. He made no attempt to study or recite. We gathered all the girls' shawls and made him a bed on a bench, and he lay there all day the sickest child I have ever seen. He was game to the last and received the half-dollar that was his with the greatest complaisance.

We feel that the school-teacher is poorly paid in Pocahontas, but it is nevertheless true that we are paying too much school-tax. It would be better if there were half the number of schools.

At Camp Alger among the twenty thousand white troops there is one battalion of colored troops attached to an Ohio regiment. The officers are all colored men, the major commanding the regiment being Young, who is the colored West Pointer in the army. A few days ago an officer of the colored troops stood by the side of a private in a Tennessee regiment in one of the booths that have been erected for the sale of all sorts of things. The private made no move to salute the colored officer.

"Do n't you salute officers in your regiment?" asked the officer, sharply.

The Tennesseean looked at the officer for a moment. Then he drawled out:

"All coons look alike to me."

He has been under arrest ever since awaiting court-martial.—Ex.

In the fighting around Santiago General Joseph Wheeler, late of the Southern Confederacy made a bad break. When it became necessary for him to put his soldiers at the trenches he shouted: "Forward, men! Charge the damned Yankees! Charge the damned Yankees!"

"Me an' the old woman," said the Kentuck mountaineer, "had a little debate Pother day 'bout how long we wuz married. I says hit wuz twelve years an' she stuck out 'er e'leb'm."

"An' which one was right?" asked the grocer.

"She wuz. I'd forgot 'bout Bill an' 'Buck bein' twins."—Ex.

## A SENTIMENT.

"I'd offer thee this hand of mine  
If I could love thee less;  
But hearts are warm, so fond as thine,  
Should never know distress.  
My fortune is too hard for thee,  
I'd rather weep to see thee free,  
Than win thee to destroy."  
—Hanson Vawter.

Dear Mr. Editor:  
When I see "The Pocahontas Times" I always look to see if there is anything in it written by W. T. P., who is a charming writer. His article last week was unusually entertaining; and I was reminded of the first time that I heard the doubtful little song which he likes so much. It was at the "reception" of a newly married couple at the home of the groom's father, in the neighborhood of where I live.

Most of the bridal party were strangers to me. In the course of the evening a gentleman who looked to be about fifty years old, was asked to play and sing. As soon as the request was made his friends began to smile and to exchange amused glances. Someone began to hum "I'd offer thee this hand of mine"; and someone else said: "Yes, Mr. F., please sing your little song." He took it all very pleasantly and sang the song beautifully.

I was sitting near the organ, and when he had finished he turned to me and asked me how I liked the sentiment of the song. I replied like W. T. P.'s young lady, that I was not particularly impressed, and that I considered the compliment implied a "dubious" one to say the least. I quoted to him a line from a novel written by a prominent Monroe gentleman: "Men often think they are chivalrous with women when they are cruel and senseless." I saw that he was not at all pleased, and I was told afterwards that I had made a dreadful faux pas.

Who he was at that time "well off" in this world's goods, he had in his youth given up his sweet-heart because he was poor, and she had married another man, and I think, died. Evidently his conscience had always upbraided him, and he endeavored to console himself with the little song. That his comfort was very little was shown by his always wanting to know what others thought of it. He was a Christian—an elder in the Presbyterian church.

Shortly after I met him he died a horrible death—was burned to death in the night by some fiend who set fire to his house. I hope that he met his sweet-heart in the place where he had "treasures" which "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt." Truly, a great many women are very lovable, but I do not know one who deserves to be loved too much. C. E. Pickaway, W. Va., July 29.

## "SWAGO."

Mr. Editor:  
As a sequel to the pretty little wedding, noted in your last week's issue, which took place from the Swago church on the 20th instant, at which young Mr. Everett Heafner and his pretty bride went forth into the world to battle with life, hand in hand, with the brightest prospects, it remains for your correspondent to write up a pleasant gathering of the friends of the contracting parties at the residence of Mr. L. A. Heafner, the father of the groom, on the eve of this propitious wedding day.

At an early hour, even before the time had arrived for the "early lighting of the lamps," the guests began to arrive and were most graciously received by Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Heafner, and every thing was done that heart could wish by these truly hospitable people to make the occasion an enjoyable one. And when the lamps were lit in the room set apart for the occasion, they shone on fair women and brave men; "and when music arose with its voluptuous swell, soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again, and all went merry as a marriage bell." The bride of a day was most becomingly dressed in a costume which displayed the finest taste, and was apparently envied by all the fair sex

## present as she was led forth in the first dance by her gallant husband.

The crowd was a large one, as every body was invited and every one was welcome. A merry company was in all the rooms and on the piazza waiting their opportunity to get into the "next set"; Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Heafner moving among the throng with smiles and pleasant words for all. Considering the entire lack of restraint, every thing went pleasantly.

There was an alarm, however, sounded of "trouble outside," but which proved to be only a false alarm. Two boys having gotten to scuffling it was thought the time had arrived when it was rather too rough amusement, but when pulled apart by their friends they each smiling through his tears averred that they were only in fun, and peace and pleasure again crowned the scene.

Your correspondent was the witness of some amusing occurrences, such as frequently occur even on solemn occasions. One young swain, who doubted his ability to appear to advantage on the floor, had up to a late hour been successful in beating off all advances made toward his best girl from other knights present, and so far had not assayed to "trip the light fantastic toe," found himself suddenly placed in a very embarrassing situation. Being approached by the floor manager with the information that his presence with his partner was all that was necessary to complete the next set, his confusion was most complete, and to add fuel to the fire his best girl consented. After making a very minute investigation to see if his rudimentary mustache was in statu quo, he remarked that he "guessed it was time for him to be going down the line." However, another couple appearing at this time from the veranda took the place assigned to him, and the danger of having to appear on the floor with a lady was for the time averted.

A more enjoyable occasion was never witnessed in this neighborhood, and those who participated will have reason to remember the kindness and hospitable treatment received for many days to come.

Who will be the next young couple? CLOSE OBSERVER.

## THE FIRST TO FALL.

The July Confederate Veteran has an article about the first Confederate killed. W. R. Hall, who has been to the State Library at Richmond, finds that Captain J. Q. Marr, of the Warrenton Rifles, was the first to be killed, June 1, 1861, at Fairfax C. H., and Colonel Ewell, afterwards General, was slightly wounded. He also refers to an article in the Richmond Dispatch stating that eight soldiers were killed June 3, 1861, at Phillippi, Barbour County, West Virginia.

These names are given, Captain Archy Richards, Thomas E. Sims and Leroy Dangerfield. It turns out that Richards and Dangerfield survived the war, the latter still lives near Staunton, but lost his foot June 3, 1861. There seems to be much interest attached to the first happenings of the war between the States.

So far as the writer knows, the first Confederate soldier to die in the service was Private Phares, of the Pendleton Company, commanded by the late Captain David Anderson, of Franklin. He died of fever at Phillipa June 1, 1861, and was buried with the honors of war on Saturday afternoon, June 2. Under Captain Anderson's direction, the writer, W. T. Price, acted as volunteer chaplain. The grave is near the cemetery gate and when the writer visited in November, 1873, it seemed to have been nicely cared for. The late Mrs. Elizabeth Morall giving it her special attention. So far as known the distinction should be accorded this lady and Phillipa lady friends as among the first to have planted flowers in memory of the Confederate dead.

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## A CONTRAST.

For quite a while the vaporings of the "eloquent Robert" were considered beneath the notice of those of highest attainments in the realms of "pure reason." By such it was deemed impossible for him to influence any one having a modicum of logical perception, and something more than the mere rudiments of genuine knowledge. The unexpected, however, has happened, and the eloquent Robert has admirers who are doing a great deal of harm, and they have a following in centres and positions of influence that threaten dire consequences to ten thousand otherwise prosperous and happy homes, by corrupting the youth, fondly believed by parents and friends to be persons of flattering promise.

In respect to the soul of the "eloquent Robert" has marched so far as to associate the gospel with weakness and superstition, and that to be a believing, faithful Christian is to be something weak, superstitious, and pusillanimous.

Let us reason about the dying prayer of a bright man who had this idea of what it would be to be a Christian, and see how it sounds and whether we would like it or something of the kind to fall from our pallid, dying lips: "O God—if there be a God—have mercy on my soul—if I have a soul."

With all his wit and all of his learning expended in hostile expressions against the religion of our Lord Jesus, this is all he has to say in the way of prayer, and dark, and wretched, and desolate are his prospects as he nears eternity. How low and grovelling must have been his views, and how meanly contracted must have been his spirit when the best he could say in the supreme moment was: "O God—if there be a God—have mercy on my soul—if I have a soul."

Let this demeanor be contrasted with the spirit and conduct of the Apostle Paul in the presence of death. What composure, elevation, and dignity as he fixes his eye upon heaven and says: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

One is a true man with his intellectual, noble, and elevated bearing; the other a mere worm of the dust, writhing and contracting himself in his own littleness and selfishness of spirit. While considering such a contrast, may it ever be in our hearts to say, with holy enthusiasm: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." S. C. R.

## Villager's Idea of Hotel Business.

A young lawyer in one of the leading lake cities recently passed a few days at the home of his childhood, a rural hamlet in an adjoining county. While there he ran across one of the characters of the place, a quaint old man whom he had known ever since he could remember.

"How's bizness in town?" inquired the aged man.

"Pretty good," replied the lawyer.

"What ye doin' now?"

"Practising law."

"What's your brother Jim doin'?"

"Jim is running a hotel," and he named one of the largest public houses in the city.

"Is Jim married yet?"

"No."

The old man raised his head with a commiserating glance. Then he drawled out:

## Force of Habit.

"I was once speaking at a temperance meeting in Green Bay," says ex-Governor Peck, of Milwaukee, "and in the course of my remarks I looked about for some water. A mug had been placed beside me, and how it could have happened at a temperance convention I do not know, but it was a beer mug filled with water. Well, it was a warm day, and where there is congestion food spread out on a warm day there are likely to be flies. There were flies, and one had lighted trustingly on the surface of the water in that mug. I saw him as I lifted it and did the most natural and human thing I could think of—blew him off the water. Well they cheered for five minutes. And to this day I don't suppose you can persuade a Green Bay man that any body from Milwaukee can drink a glass of water, even at a temperance convention, without first blowing off the foam!" —Chicago Daily News.

## Japanese Journalism.

"Japanese journalism," says a missionary's wife, "is a singular profession in many of its features. There is practically no such thing as freedom of the press in Japan. Whenever a newspaper publishes something unfriendly to the government it is suppressed and the editor sent to prison. The real editor is never imprisoned, though. Every newspaper has what the Japanese call a 'dummy editor,' and it is his sole duty to go to jail every time the paper is suppressed for offending the mikado. Then the real editor changes the name of his paper and keeps on publishing it. Dummy editors spend most of their time in prison." —Lippincott's Magazine.

## Deafness Cannot be Cured

By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

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## Commissioners Notice.

Office of S. B. Scott, Jr., Commissioner in Chancery, Marlinton, W. Va., July 8th, 1898.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit court of Pocahontas county, entered on the 24th day of June, 1898 in a chancery cause therein pending entitled:

Johnson and Gwinn and others,

versus

J. T. Hogsett and others,

I will proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, West Virginia, on the 8th day of August, 1898, to take, state, and report to court the following matters of account to wit:

First: A statement showing the subsisting liens upon the lands of the defendant, J. T. Hogsett, showing the respective dates, dignities, and priorities of the same and to whom due and payable.

Second: A statement showing the real estate owned by the defendant, J. T. Hogsett, against which said liens may be asserted.

Third: A statement showing the fee simple and annual rental value of said real estate, and whether or not the same will in five years rent for a sum sufficient to pay off and discharge the liens thereon.

Fourth: Any other matter to be specially stated, deemed pertinent by the Commissioner, or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

At which time and place all parties in interest may attend.

Respectfully,  
S. B. SCOTT, Jr.,  
Commissioner in Chancery.

## NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS.

To all parties holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate, or any part thereof, of J. T. Hogsett:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit court of Pocahontas county made in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of the said J. T. Hogsett to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said J. T. Hogsett, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on or before the 8th day of August, 1898.

Given under my hand this 8th day of July, 1898.

S. B. SCOTT, Jr.,  
Commissioner in Chancery.